



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## THE CANORION SONG.

A TRANSLATION OF "ERDDIGAN Y CANORION," IN THE  
LAST NUMBER.

— *tristia vite*  
*Solamur cantu.*—

## 1

IF to this great city, from meads far away,  
Nor linnet\*, nor lark, nor sweet nightingale stray,  
But voices,—so wild and so tuneless their sound,—  
Through street, lane, and alley are heard all around,  
How pleasant, CANORION†, to see this kind band  
Meet to cherish the strains of our old native land:  
With our glass, harp, and song, then, content let us be,  
While our hearts are all jocund, united, and free.

## 2

Let the wealthy take care of their gold and their gain,  
Let the great still contend with our troubles in vain,  
Let our parties still wrangle and clamour away,  
While our state-menders brawl yet more loudly than they;  
But we, blithe CANORION, our minds all at ease,  
In harmony taste of life's joys as we please:  
With our glass, harp, and song, then, content let us be,  
While our hearts are all jocund, united, and free.

## 3

Ye minstrels, ye bards, ye of learning profound,  
Come join us, where mirth and good humour abound,  
For one age of sorrow two ages we gain,  
While our melody vies with the lark's merry strain;  
How sweet to remember the customs of yore,  
And, like our forefathers, those customs adore:  
With our glass, harp, and song, then, content let us be,  
While our hearts are all jocund, united, and free.

\* \* \*

\* The original is cuckoo, a bird, which seems always to have been in great favour with the Welsh bards, though it is not very easy to discover for what reason, since it cannot have been for its musical qualifications. This partiality for the cuckoo reminds one of the Irishman in Joe Miller, who had all his life mistaken the owl for the nightingale.

† Literally, SINGERS. An account of the establishment of this Society appeared in Number 15. p. 141.